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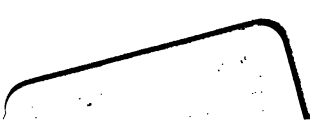

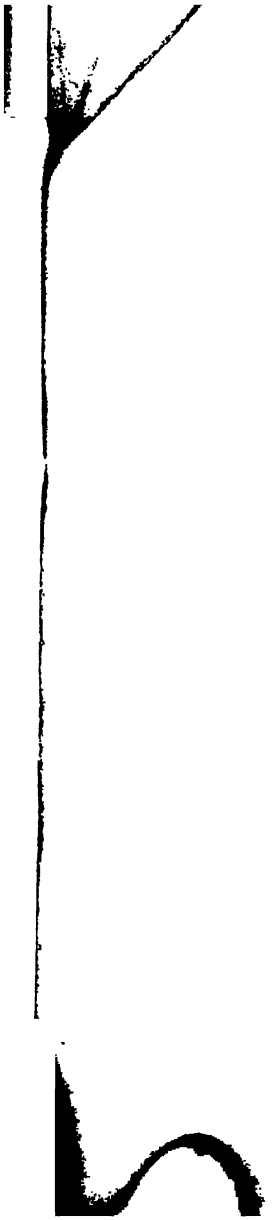

THE CAUSES OF Scotland's Miseri

A

POEM

IN

Imitation of the VI. Ode of the Third B

OF

HORACE.

Cœlum ipſum petimus ſtultitia: neq;
Per noſtrum patimur ſcelus
Iracunda Jovem *ponere fulmina.*

Horat. Lib. 1. Ode 3.

EDINBURGH,
Printed by *James Watſon* in *Craig's* Cloſs, 1706.

BIBLIOTECA BODLEIANA

THE CAUSES OF Scotland's Miſeries.

A POEM IN Imitation of the VI. Ode of *Horace's* THIRD BOOK,

Delicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, *donec Templa refeceris*
Ædeiſq; labenteis Deorum, &
Fœda nigro Simulacra fumo.

IN vain, Heroick *SCOTS*, in vain ye try
True ſolid Eaſe, and calm Proſperity,
By all your Tow'ring Projects to attain,
While Guilt and Sacrilege your Land do ſtain;
While in the Duſt your Church's Glories ly;
Your Church which once ſo Fam'd for Purity,
Her awful Head did raiſe above the Sky,
Darting ſuch dazling Luſtre all around,
As did with Panick Fears her Foes Confound.

But now, alas! with Rubbiſh cover'd o're,
She's Hiſs'd at, that was Terrible before.
But in ſuch time as ye with Pains repair
Her Ruins, and her ſtately Turrets rear
Out of the Duſt, to their firſt Dignity,
Ne're think t'enjoy your Ancient Liberty;
No, tho in naked Innocence your Souls
Were bath'd, which yet your human State controuls,
Your Sires black Perjuries hang o're your Head,
And all the Guiltleſs Blood that they have ſhed,
Which Heaven's avenging Juſtice at your Hand,
Beyond all Controverſy, will demand.

Dis te minorem quod geris imperas:
Hinc omne principium, huc refertur exitus.
Dii multa neglecti dederunt
Heſperiæ mala luctuoſæ.

'Tis from the Bounty of th' Almighty God,
Whoſe Providential Care and Divine Nod
Rule the wide Univerſe, as He doth pleaſe;
Or that ye are, or are in Peace and Eaſe.
As ſolely pure Devotion did you raiſe,
To wear Triumphant and Victorious Bays;
So Pure Devotion muſt you ſtill Defend
From dreadful Judgements, and a dreadful End.
God knows! ſince we His Precepts have forſook,
And ſhaken from our Necks His eaſy Yoak,
How like the foaming Billows in their Pride,
One Scourge upon another's Back does ride,
In ſuch a ſort, that Ruin ſeems to be
The fatal Upſhot of our Miſerie.

Jam

Jam bis Monæſes *&* Pacori *manus,*
Non auſpicatos contudit impetus
Noſtros : ——————
Pœne occupatam Seditionibus
Delevit urbem Dacus, *&c.*

No real Service we to Heav'n now pay
In meer Hypöcriſy we *Faſt* and *Pray*,
Or droop but like Bul-ruſhes for a Day.
Th' Almighty vext, in fiery Wrath look'd down,
Our guilty Nation trembled at His Frown;
And in His Anger paſt this juſt Decree :
Since they a Formal Service pay to Me,
Amighty Phantom their Reward ſhall be;
Their Hopes I'll raiſe above their Hearts content,
And tantalize their wiſh'd Enjoyment,
Till they, in Sorrow, for their Sins Repent.
He ſpoke, and we the ſad Effects have found,
He daſh'd our infant Hopes againſt the Ground,
And all our ſwelling Expectations drown'd:
Civil Diſcords did rend our Bowels a while,
And Forreign Swords hang o're our lab'ring Iſle :
Death and his frightful Syth has ſtalk'd abroad,
And mow'd down Men, like Graſs upon his Road :
Diſeaſes all in ſwarmy Crowds do wait
On the great Executioner of Fate :
Dearth, near to Famine, has haraſs'd the Land
For ſev'ral Years, by the Divine Command,
By which the num'rous Poor, for Hunger ſtarv'd,
Have ſuffer'd that which others beſt deſerv'd :
Devouring Flames, like wing'd Deſtroyers flew,
Commiſſion'd Winds to their Aſſiſtance blew,
(Oh! 'twas a Dreadful and a Diſmal Show)
And in a trice their boundleſs Rage burnt down
The greateſt Glories of the Imperial Town;

The

The true Declaration made of the
Love that is betwixt that Famous

Fernele and Lena, with the Fortune of Margaret, Daughter to Anna, Wife to the Lord Lovell, in Persia, Famous for Love. Likewise their Loves and Fortunes: &c.

The fourth Day of June the first began
With Breach of Amity 'twixt their Trade of Sea-
From which the Sun-burnt Swains Dreams did
And Venus in the Lawn in Ranges of Love:
Where then at Play began to Love,
And by degrees what that might prove,
Each the other's Fortunes grow.
Fame in time neglected every where,
Where it no more it self gain Power appear;
The Court amazed with strict Love Sounds,
Yet virtuous Hope the Summit to ask;
Love Peace in Court not fail to bear
Where true Love Sighs, Love Sorrow,
Love Heart of Oak to Storms without Fear.
The Town-Inn, while Court House may be
A Worthy Prince, Decent Gravity,
Encourages the Inquisitive and Wise,
Love Art's own Fort in every Sea Battle.
They who Love Solemn Tide Arms ordered,
Love from the Time Courage were preserved,
By Wisdom Love Nations were opprest,
Love Peace at Home, Abroad Love find no Rest,

By

By ſavage Ruffians pillag'd of their Wealth,
They could not enjoy Water but by ſtealth.
Nay, which is more, deny'd the common Air,
And forc'd by cruel Foes to ſad Deſpair,
They fly like Birds before the Fowler's Snare;
Murd'red in Fields, on Scaffolds, drown'd in Waves,
Some ſtrangely Tortur'd, others Sold for Slaves,
They could find no Repoſe but in their Graves:
Laity and Clergy all diſtain'd in Gore,
Made more impartial Foes their Practices abhor.
Such as the Reins of Government did hold,
By Native Pride and wicked Counſel bold,
Took all the Means they could to puſh their way
T'erect Tyrannick Arbitrary Sway.
Theſe were our Fathers Sins, and ours are worſe,
The ſureſt Marks of an impending Curſe.
Great are our Sins, and juſt is our Diſtreſs,
We Nothing Practiſe, and we All Profeſs.
Survey Time's muſty Regiſters; look round
The far extended habitable Ground,
If you a Vip'riſh Race like this can find,
A Race that's bent on Ills of every kind,
That baſled Nature's Dictats do defy,
And Mock the Precepts of Divinity,
When God (in Words) they ſeem to Glorify.
The Rich Man's Buſ'neſs is t' Oppreſs the Poor,
He will not, Aid the Starving at his Door,
Yet he'll beſtow Ten Guineas on a Whore.
Nor God nor Man the Rich Oppreſſor fears;
Man does Neglect, God for a time forbears,
But ſure our Cries are echo'd in his Ears;
His kindled Indignation will take vent,
And Blaſt them with ſome Dreadful Puniſhment.
A Publick Spirit's vaniſh'd quite away,
And Private Int'reſts all our Actions ſway,
For this the Father will the Son betray:
What *Scots* Man now dares, for his Country's Good,
Venture a Drop of his degen'rat Blood.
O Heavens! of what Crimes have we been free?
A Land pollured to a Prodigie.

Now

Non his Juventus orta Parentibus
Infecit æquor Sanguine Punico:
Pyrrumq; *& ingentem cecidit*
Antiochum, Annibalemq; *dirum.*

They were not ſuch mean Sp'rited Sots I gueſs,
Our Sires, whoſe Progeny made *Rome* confeſs,
Maugre her ſpreading Lawrels, and in ſpight
Of all her Martial Troops, innur'd to Fight,
That *Scotland* bred a Feirce and Warlick Crue,
Whoſe ſtubborn Tempers they could ne're ſubdue:
Nor could a Stock, Vitious like this, produce
Such Hero's as great *WALLACE* and the *BRUCE*,
Who by ſly Stratagems and brisk Allarms,
Did put a Stop t' *Edward*'s encroaching Arms.
Did our Anceſtors, in Queen *Mary*'s Reign,
Their Native Rights to Tyranny reſign?
If ſo, we yet had groan'd beneath the Yoak
Of *Popiſh* Slav'ry, which they bravely broak.

Damnoſa quid non imminuit dies?
Ætas Parentum pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitioſiorem.

What need I thus our Age of Crimes accuſe?
What does not all-corrupting Time abuſe?
Our Grandſires happier Age in Word and Deed,
For Virtue did our Fathers Age exceed;
Juſt as our Fathers Age did far outdo
All virtous Acts we can pretend unto:
And, Ah! avert it Heaven, methinks I ſee
That we'll tranſmit unto Futuritie
An Off-ſpring, yet more profligat than we.

FINIS.